





D. D.





THE
TEMPEST,
OR THE
Enchanted Island.

A
COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at his Highness the Duke of York's
THEATRE.

by *J. Dryden.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman* at the *Blow
Anchor* in the *Lower-walk* of the *New-Exchange.*

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THE TEMPEST

Enchanted Island

COMEDY.

AND
THE
MUSIC

LONDON
Printed by J. Smith for the Author and
Sold in the Strand at the A. and C. ...
MDCCLXX

P R E F A C E
TO THE
ENCHANTED ISLAND.

THe writing of Prefaces to Plays was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the French Eloquence, which uses to make a business of a Letter of gallantry, an examen of a Farce; and in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaysty which would be an imposition upon us.

We may satisfie our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did

The Preface.

me the honour to joyn me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespear's : a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play it self had formerly been acted with success in the Black-Fryers: and our excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his Sea-Voyage, may easily discern that it was a Copy of Shakespear's Tempest: the Storm, the desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only Poet who made use of Shakespear's Plot: Sir John Suckling, a profess'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his Goblins; his Regmella being an open imitation of Shakespear's Miranda; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the Design of Shakespear, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counterpart to Shakespear's Plot, namely that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight.

The Preface.

delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done without the help or correction of so judicious a friend. The Comical parts of the Saylor's were also his invention, and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the style. In the time I writ with him I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more neerly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprizing: and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not alwaies the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due in the writing of this Play; and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected; as he has done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest,

The Preface.

as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour in being thought the Author of any Poem how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakespear and Sir William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.

1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

THE

Prologue to the Tempest, or the Enchanted Island.

As when a Tree's cut down the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new Branches shoot
So, from old Shakespear's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
He Monarch-like gave those his subjects law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespear's Pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the Neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's Magick could not copy'd be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things:
But Shakespear's pow'r is sacred as a King's.
Those Legends from old Priest-hood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as people then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespear we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Touths are forc'd to employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a transformation you will say
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from man to Woman-kind.
What e're she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect man.
Or if your fancy will be farther led,
To find her Woman, it must be used.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alonzo Duke of *Savoy*, and Usurper of the Dukedom
of *Mantua*.

Ferdinand and his Son.

Prospero right Duke of *Millain*.

Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.

Gonzalo a Noble man of *Savoy*.

Hippolito, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of
the Dukedom of *Mantua*.

Stephano Master of the Ship.

Mustacho his Mate.

Trincalo Boatswain.

Ventoso a Mariner.

Several Mariners.

A Cabbin-Boy.

Miranda and } (Daughters to *Prospero*) that never
Dorinda } saw man.

Ariel an aiery Spirit, attendant on *Prospero*.

Several Spirits Guards to *Prospero*.

Caliban

Sycorax his Sister } Two Monsters of the Isle.

THE

THE

Enchanted Island.

ACT I.

Enter Mustacho and Ventofo.

Vent. **W**Hat a Sea comes in?
Must. A hoaming Sea! we shall have foul weather. [*Enter Trincalo.*]

Trinc. The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.
Enter Stephano.

Steph. Bosen!

Trinc. Here, Master what cheer?

Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Must. Let's have Sea-room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.

Steph. Boy! [*Enter Cabin-boy.*]

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Master.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle. [*Exeunt Stephano and Boy.*]

Enter Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Heigh, my hearts, chearly, chearly, my hearts, yare, yare.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master?
 Play the men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour: keep your Cabins, you help the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is: hence; what care these roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my self: you are a Counsellour, if you can advise these Elements to silence: use your wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs.

[*Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.*]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd we shall be drown'd.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft Lads. Come, reef both Top-fails.

Steph. Let's weigh, Let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Ex. Stephano.*]

Enter two Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your main-Capstorm.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso at the other door.

Must. Up aloft! and man your seere-Capstorm.

Vent. My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar.

Ho up, ho up, &c.

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there;

Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers.

[*Exit Stephano.*]

Enter two Mariners and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out all hands to Capstorm?

You dogs, is this a time to sleep?

Heave together Lads.

[*Trincalo whistles.*]

[*Exeunt Mustacho and Ventoso.*]

Must. within. Our Viall's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together Bullies.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut off the Hamocks! cut off the Hamocks, come my Lads: Come Bullies, chear up! heave lustily.

The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a peek ?

Steph. Is a weigh ! Is a weigh !

Trinc. Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore-Castle !

Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul :
haul, Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, Aft ! and loose the Misen !

Trinc. Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul Aft Misen-sheat !

Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the main Top-sail !

Steph. Furl him again, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Loose Fore-sail ! Haul Aft both sheats ! trim her right
afore the Wind. Aft ! Aft ! Lads, and hale up the Misen here.

Must. A Mackrel-Gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port ! the Wind grows scant, bring the
Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, star-board, a little steady ;
now steady, keep her thus, no neerer you cannot come.

Enter Ventofo.

Vent. Some hands down : the Guns are loose. [*Ex. Must.*

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump ! [*Exit Ventofo.*

Enter Mustacho at the other door.

Must. O Master ! six foot Water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard aboard ! Flat, flat, flat in the
Fore-sheat there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

Trinc. A curse upon this howling, [*A great cry within.*
They are louder than the weather. [*Enter Antonio and Gonzaló.*
Yet again, what do you here ! shall we give o're, and drown ?
ha' you a mind to sink ?

Gonz. A Pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,
uncharitable dog.

Trinc. Work you then.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorson insolent noise-maker,
we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Brace off the Fore-yard. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no
stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd Wench.

Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your loss brings a thousand Deaths to me.

Alonzo. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by use, is so to me : but, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my subjects loss in thee : Alas ! I suffer justly for my crimes, but why thou shouldest---O Heaven ! [*A cry within.* Hark, farewell my Son ! a long farewell !

Ferd. Some lucky Plank, when we are lost by shipwrack, waft hither, and submit it self beneath you.
Your blessing, and I dye contented. [*Embrace and Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Trinc. What must our mouths be cold then ?

Vent. All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers.
Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may e'ne pray too ; our case is now alike.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our lives by Drunkards.
This wide chopt Rascal : would thou might'st lye drowning
The long washing of ten Tides.

[*Exeunt Trincalo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.*

Gonz. He'll he hang'd yet, though every drop of water swears against it ; now would I give ten thousand Furlongs of Sea for one Acre of barren ground, Long-heath, Broom-furs, or any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death.
[*A confused noise within.*

Ant. Mercy upon us ! we split, we split.

Gonz. Let's all sink with the Duke, and the young Prince.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [*A new cry within.*

Steph. Run her ashore !

Trinc. Luffe ! luffe ! or we are all lost ! there's a Rock upon the Star-board Bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes ! All shift for themselves.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prosper. *Miranda!* where's your Sister?

Miranda. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the walks end, on the huge beat of Waters.

Prosper. It is a dreadful object.

Mir. If by your Art, my dearest Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.

Had I been any God of power, I would have sunk the Sea into the Earth, before it should the Vessel so have swallowed.

Prosper. Collect your self, and tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Mir. O woe the day!

Prosper. There is no harm:

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Prospero*, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'er endeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Prosper. I should inform thee farther: wipe thou thine Eyes, have comfort; the direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd the very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such a pity safely order'd, that not one creature in the Ship is lost.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am, But then you stopt.

Prosper. The hour's now come; Obey, and be attentive, Canst thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I do not think thou canst, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Prosper. Tell me the image then of any thing which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Prosper. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: what see'st thou else in the dark back-ward, and abyss of Time? If thou remembrest ought e're thou cam'st here, then, how shou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen Years since, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all virtue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came, or was't a blessing that we did?

Prosp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. How my heart bleeds to think what you have suffer'd. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Prosp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle (do'st thou attend me Child)

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Prosp. Having attain'd the craft of granting suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-topping, soon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunck, and suckt my verdure out: thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Prosp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to closeness, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature:

He did believe

He was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward face of Sovereignty. Do'st thou still mark me?

Mir. Your story would cure deafness.

Prosp. To have no screen between the part he plaid, and whom he plaid it for; he needs would be Absolute *Millan*, and Confederates (so dry he was for Sway) with *Savoy's* Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him homage.

Mir. False man!

Prosp. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy, To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's suit, And on a night

Mated to his design, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Millan*, and i'th' dead of darkness, hurri'd me thence with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Prosp. They durst not, Girl, in *Millan*, For the love my people bore me; in short, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Nissa's* Port: bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten Carkass of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rats instinctively had quit it: they hoisted us, to cry to Seas which roar'd to us; to sigh to Winds, whose pity sighing back again, did seem to do us loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Prosp. Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which did preserve me: you both did smile, infus'd with fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Prosp. By Providence Divine,
Some food we had, and some fresh Water, which a Noble man of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Master of that black design, gave us; with rich Garments, and all necessaries, which since have steaded much: and of his gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnisht me from mine own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might see that man.

Prosp. Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my skill I find that my mid-Heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here cease more question, thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dulness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [*She falls asleep.* Come away my Spirit: I am ready now, approach My *Ariel*, Come. [*Enter Ariel.*

Ariel. All hail great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly, to swim, to shoot into the fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding, task *Ariel* and all his qualities.

Prosp. Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article.
I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waste,
the:

the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement, and sometimes I seem'd to burn in many places on the Top-Mast, the Yards and Bore-sprit; I did flame distinctly.

Prosp. My brave Spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

Ariel. Not a soul

But felt a Feaver of the mind, and play'd some tricks of desperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Vessel: the Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*, with hair upstairing (more like Reeds than Hair) was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Prosp. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Close by my Master.

Prosp. But, *Ariel*, are they safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perisht.

In Troops I have dispers'd them round this Isle.

The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the air with sighs, in an odde angle of the Isle, and sitting, his arms he folded in this sad knot.

Prosp. Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest of the Fleet.

Ariel. Safely in Harbour

Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'dst Me up at midnight to fetch Dew from the

Still vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid,

The Mariners all under hatches stow'd,

Whom, with a charm, join'd to their suffer'd labour,

I have left asleep, and for the rest o'th' Fleet

(Which I disperst) they all have met again,

And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,

Bound sadly home for *Italy*;

Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrackt,

And his great person perish.

Prosp. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ariel.

Ariel. Past the mid-season.

Prosper. At least two Glasses: the time 'tween six and now must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toyl? since thou dost give me pains, let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Prosper. How now, *Moodie*?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Prosper. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!

Remember I have done thee faithful service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings,
Serv'd without or grudge, or grumblings:
Thou didst promise to bate me a full year.

Prosper. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Prosper. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deep:
To run against the sharp wind of the North,
To do my business in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Prosper. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot the
foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy was grown into a
Hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ariel. No Sir!

Prosper. Thou hast; where was she born? speak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Prosper. Oh, was she so! I must

Once every Month recount what thou hast been, which thou
forgettest. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax* for mischiefs mani-
fold, and sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from
Argier thou knowst was banisht: but for one thing she did,
they would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel. I Sir.

Prosper. This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by th' Saylor, thou, my slave,
 As thou report'st thy self, wast then her servant,
 And 'cause thou wast a spirit too delicate
 To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands;
 Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
 By help of her more potent Ministers,
 (In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
 Within whose rift imprison'd, thou didst painfully
 Remain a dozen years; within which space she dy'd,
 And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
 Groans, as fast as Mill-wheels strike.

Then was this Isle (save for two Brats, which she did
 Litter here, the brutish *Caliban*, and his twin Sister,
 Two freckel'd-hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
 A humane shape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Sister.

Prosper. Dull thing, I say so; he, that *Caliban*, and she that
Sycorax, whom I now keep in service. Thou best knowst
 what torment I did find thee in, thy groans did make Wolves
 howl, and penetrate the breasts of ever angry Bears, it was a
 torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne're
 again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee,
 that made the Pine to gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Master.

Prosper. If thou more murmurest, I will rend an Oak,
 And peg the in his knotty Entrails, till thou
 Hast howld away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Master,
 I will be correspondent to command, and be
 A gentle spirit.

Prosper. Do so, and after two days I'll discharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble Master.

What shall I do? say? what? what shall I do?

Prosper. Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible to
 Every eye-ball else: hence with diligence.

My daughter wakes. Anon thou shalt know more. [*Ex. Ariel*.
 Thou hast slept well my child.

Mir. The sadness of your story put heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my slave,
Who never yields us a kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pros. But as 'tis, we cannot miss him; he does make our
Fire, fetch in our Wood, and serve in Offices that profit us:
what ho! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, speak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say, there's other business for thee.

Come thou *Tortoise*, when?

[*Enter Ariel.*

Fine apparition, my quaiut *Ariel*,

Hark in thy ear.

Ariel. My Lord it shall be done.

[*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself
upon thy wicked Dam, come forth.

[*Enter Caliban.*

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e're my Mother brush'd with Ra-
ven's Feather from unwholsome Fens, drop on you both:
A South-west blow on you, and blister you all o're.

Pros. For this before, to night thou shalt have Cramps, side-
stitches, that shall pen thy breath up; Urchins shall prick thee
till thou bleed'st: thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-
Combs, each pinch more stinging than the Bees which
made 'em.

Calib. I must eat my dinner: this Island's mine by *Sycorax*
my Mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou cam'st
first, thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me, would'st give
me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the
bigger Light, and how the less, that burn by day and night;
and then I lov'd thee, and shew'd thee all the qualities of
the Isle, the fresh-Springs, brine-Pits, barren places, and fertil.
Curs'd be I, that I did so: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads,
Beetles, Batts, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou
hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in
this hard Rock, whiles thou dost keep from me the rest o' th'
Island.

Pros. Thou most lying Slave, whom stripes may move, not
kindness: I have us'd thee (filth that thou art) with humane
care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to
violate the honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would t'had been done : thou did'st prevent me, I had peopl'd else this Isle with *Calibans*.

Prosp. Abhor'd Slave!

Who ne're would any print of goodness take, being capable of all ill : I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour one thing or other ; when thou didst not (*Savage*) know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble, like a thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes with words which made them known : But thy wild race (though thou did'st learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with : therefore wast thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me language, and my profit by it is, that I know to curse : the red botch rid you for learning me your language.

Prosp. Hag-seed hence!

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To answer other business : shrugst thou (*malice*)
If thou neglectest or dost unwillingly what I command,
I'll wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with
Aches, make thee roar, that Beasts shall tremble
At thy Din.

Calib. No prethee!

I must obey. His Art is of such power,
It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt Prospero and Caliban severally.*]

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh Sister! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,

As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The whistling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd ; at first I thought the War
Had bin between themselves, but strait I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? 't seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above;
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the wind,
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clamb'ring to the top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtsy'd down so low,
I could not see him: till, at last, all side long
With a great crack his belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perisht
Had not my Father's magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger news to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father say we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he should eat us Sister?

Mir. No sure, you see my Father is a man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if we two
Had two young Fathers.

Mir. No Sister, no, if they were young, my Father
Said that we must call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come that we two are not Bro-
thers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confess you pose me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little, and grew
within the ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? pray sister let your
and I look up and down one day, to find some little ones for
us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open Air:

Th' effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.

ACT II.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, Attendants.

Gonz. **B**eseech your Grace be merry ; you have cause, so have we all, of joy for our strange scape : then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace ! you cram these words into my Ears against my stomach, how can I rejoyce, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange Fish ?

Ant. Sir, he may live, I saw him beat the billows under him, and ride upon their backs ; he trod the Water, whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted the most swoln surge that met him, his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd himself with his strong arms to shore, I do not doubt he came alive to land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone, and you and I, *Antonio*, were those who caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it ?

Alonz. Then, then, we should have helpt it, when thou betrayedst thy Brother *Prospero*, and *Mintua's* Infant, Sovereign to my power : And when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right ; then lost we *Ferdinand*, then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Ant. Indeed we first broke truce with Heav'n ; You to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd,
And on the waves have lost an only Son ;
I did usurp my Brother's fertile lands, and now
Am cast upon this desert Isle.

Gonz. These, Sir, 'tis true, were crimes of a black Dye,
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n,

By your late Voyage into *Portugal*,
Where, in defence of Christianity,
Your valour has repuls'd the *Moors* of *Spain*.

Alonz. O name it not, *Gonzalo*.

No act but penitence can expiate guilt,
Must we teach Heaven what price to set on Murthers ?
What rate on lawless power, and wild ambition ?
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And sell by weight a good deed for a bad? [*Musick within.*

Gonz. Musick ! and in the air ! sure we are shipwrackt on the
Dominions of some merry Devil.

Ant. This Isle's enchanted ground, for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my Ear, and groans
Of lamenting Ghosts.

Alonz. I pull'd a Tree, and Blood pursu'd my hand ; O Hea-
ven ! deliver me from this dire place, and all the after actions
of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty.

Heark ! [*A Dialogue within sung in parts.*
The sounds approach us.

- 1 D. Where does proud Ambition dwell ?
2. In the lowest Rooms of Hell.
1. Of the damn'd who leads the Host ?
2. He who did oppress the most.
1. Who such Troops of damned brings ?
2. Most are led by fighting Kings.
Kings who did Crowns unjustly get,
Here on burning Thrones are set.

Chor. Kings who did Crowns, &c.

Ant. Do you hear, Sir, how they lay our Crimes before us ?

Gonz. Do evil Spirits imitate the good,
In shewing men their sins ?

Alonz. But in a different way,
Those warn from doing, these upbraid 'em done.

1. Who are the Pillars of Ambitions Court ?
2. Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it support.

1. What Iyes beneath her feet?
 2. Her footsteps tread,
 On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead.
 1. Can Heaven permit such Crimes should be
 Rewarded with felicity?
 2. Oh no! uneasily their Crowns they wear,
 And their own guilt amidst their Guards they fear.
 Cares when they wake their minds unquiet keep,
 And we in visions lord it o're their sleep.
Cho. Oh no! uneasily their Crowns, &c.

Alonz. See where they come in horrid shapes!

Enter the two that sung, in the shape of Devils, placing themselves at two corners of the Stage.

Ant. Sure Hell is open'd to devour us quick.

1. *D.* Say Brother, shall we bear these mortals hence?

2. First let us shew the shapes of their offence.

1. We'll muster then their crimes on either side:

Appear! appear! their first begotten, Pride. [*Enter Pride.*

Pride. Lo! I am here, who led their hearts astray,

And to Ambition did their minds betray. [*Enter Fraud.*

Fraud. And guileful Fraud does next appear,

Their wandring steps who led,

When they from virtue fled,

And in my crooked paths their course did steer. [*Enter Rapine.*

Rap. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,

Where Rapine did their actions drive. [*Enter Murther.*

Murd. There long they cannot stay,

Down the deep precipice they run,

And to secure what they have done,

To murder bend their way.

After which they fall into a round encompassing the Duke, &c. Singing.

Around, around, we pace

About this cursed place,

Whilst thus we compass in

These mortals and their sin.

Dance.

[*All the spirits vanish.*

Ant.

Ant. Heav'n has heard me! they are vanish'd.

Alonz. But they have left me all unman'd;

I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,
And a cold sweat trills down o're all my limbs,
As if I were dissolving into Water.

O *Prospero!* my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart.

Ant. And mine, 'gainst him and young *Hippolito.*

Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent!

Alonz. Lead from this cursed ground;

The Seas, in all their rage, are not so dreadful.

This is the Region of despair and death.

Gonz. Shall we not seek some food?

Alonz. Beware all fruit but what the birds have peid,

The shadows of the Trees are poisonous too;

A secret venom slides from every branch.

My conscience doth distract me, O my Son!

Why do I speak of eating or repose,

Before I know thy fortune? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel, invisible, playing and singing.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands

And then take hands.

Curtsey'd when you have and kiss'd,

The wild waves whist.

Foot it featly here and there, and sweet sprights bear

the Burthen.

[*Burthen dispersedly.*]

Hark! hark! Bow-waugh; the watch-dog bark,

Bow-waugh.

Ariel. *Hark! hark! I hear the strain of strutting Chanticleer*

Cry Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i'th' Air, or th' Earth?

It sounds no more, and sure it waits upon some God

O'th' Island, sitting on a bank weeping against the Duke

My Father's wrack. This musick hover'd o're me

On the waters, allaying both their fury and my passion
 With charming Airs; thence I have follow'd it (or it
 Hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone; No, it begins again.

Ariel. Song.

Full Fathoms five thy Father lyes,
 Of his bones is Coral made:
 Those are Pearls that were his eyes,
 Nothing of him that does fade,
 But does suffer a Sea-change
 Into something rich and strange:
 Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his
 Heark now I hear 'em, Ding dong Bell.

[Burthen, *Ding dong.*

Ferd. The mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father,
 This is no mortal business, nor a sound which the
 Earth owns: I hear it now before me,
 However I will on and follow it.

[*Ex. Ferd. and Ariel.*

Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Ventoso.

Vent. The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated
 after us out of pure pity.

Must. This kind Bottle, like an old acquaintance, swam after it.
 And this Scollop-shell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
 I prethee fill a soop, and let it go round.
 Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

Must. I th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace,
 We cannot live long in this barren Island, and we may
 Take a soop before death, as well as others drink
 At our Funerals.

Must. This is prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it costs no-
 thing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Master, what have you sav'd?

Steph. Just nothing but my self.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

Steph.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Mustacho* weeps. Hang losses as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He sheds his Brandy out of his eyes: he shall drink no more.

Must. This will be a doleful day with old *Bess*. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's lost too. But as you say, hang losses. Prithee fill agen.

Vent. Beshrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife, I had not thought of mine else, Nature will shew it self, I must melt. I prithee fill agen, my Wife's a good old jade, And has but one eye left: but she'll weep out that too, When she hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting in thought of mine. But well, If I return not in seven years to my own Country, she may marry agen: and 'tis from this Island thither at least seven years swimming.

Must. O at least, having no help of Boat nor Bladders.

Steph. Whoe're she marries, poor soul, she'll weep a nights when she thinks of *Stephano*.

Vent. But Master, sorrow is dry! there's for you agen.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for he comfort we get ashore: O for any old dry Wench now am wet.

Must. Poor heart! that would soon make you dry agen: but all is barren in this Isle: here we may lye at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South, e're we can cry a Sail, a Sail at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another soop to comfort us.

Vent. This Isle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train are perished.

Must. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home agen: we must e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive the Shipwracks ashore to make us all rich, therefore let us carry good Consciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my subjects, I'll break out his Teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Mustacho* have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke you may chuse your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And so fill me the other soop.

Steph. whispering. Ventoso, dost thou hear, I will advance thee; prithée give me thy voice.

Vent. I'll have no whisperings to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or I'll keep my voice for my self.

Must. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content *Ventoso* shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak good people, are you well agreed? what, no man answer? well, you may take their silence for consent.

Vent. You speak for the people, *Mustacho*? I'll speak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one word and all; that there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

Must. You declare for the people, who never saw your face! Cold Iron shall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil war during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roy over the whole Island.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo with a great bottle, half drunk.

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Bosen!

Must. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trinc. sings. I shall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I shall dye ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral,
But here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,
Lov'd *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marrian*, and *Margery*,
But none of us car'd for *Kate*.

For

For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Wou'd cry to a Saylor, go hang:
 She lov'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,
 Yet a Taylor might scratch her where e're she did itch.
 This is a scurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen.

[Drinks.]

Steph. We have got another subject now; welcome,
 Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack
 Boys: the King of good fellows can be no subject.

I will be Old *Simon* the King.

Must. Hah, old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Saylor
 Threw overboard: but are you alive, hoa! for I will
 Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand *Mustacho*,
 And thine *Ventoso*; the storm has done its worst:
Stephano alive too! give thy Bosen thy hand, Master.

Vent. You must kiss it then, for, I must tell you, we have cho-
 sen him Duke in a full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Must. Of this Island, man. Oh *Trincalo* we are all made, the
 Island's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will speak to his
 Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Island; and when
 we are weary of Governing thou shalt succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoso*, I will succeed you in both your
 places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. *Trincalo*, sleep and be sober; and make no more up-
 roars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free election, and you *Trincalo* are
 not your self; but we pardon your first fault,
 Because it is the first day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against
 me, whilst I was swimming, and saving my self for the good of
 the people of this Island.

Must.

Must. Art thou mad *Trincalo*, wilt thou disturb a settled Government?

Trinc. I say this Island shall be under *Trincalo*, or it shall be a Common-wealth; and so my Bottle is my Buckler, and so I draw my Sword. [*Draws.*

Vent. Ah *Trincalo*, I thought thou hadst had more grace, Than to rebel against thy old Master, And thy two lawful Vice-Roys.

Must. Wilt not thou take advice of two that stand For old Counsellors here, where thou art a meer stranger To the Laws of the Country.

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-War begins.

[*Vent. Must. draw.*

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no blood shed, My Subjects are but few: let him make a rebellion By himself; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him: Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open war wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Ex. Steph. Must. Vent.*

Enter Caliban with wood upon his back.

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prospero* fall; and make him by inch-meal a Disease: his spirits hear me, and yet I needs must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i'th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but for every trifle he sets them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his spirits sent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a man, or a fish? This is some Monster of the Isle, were I in *England*, As once I was, and had him painted;

Not a Holy-day fool there but would give me
Six-pence for the sight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a present for an Emperour.
Come hither pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'll bring thee Wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest, but I'll give him
A dram o'th' Bottle, that will clear his understanding.
Come on your ways Master Monster, open your mouth.
How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your friend!

Open your chops, I say. [Pours Wine down his throat.]

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears cœlestial Liquor,
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster; Monster what say'st
thou, art thou content to turn civil and sober, as I am? for then
thou shalt be my subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor
is not Earthly: did'st thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the man in her when time
was. By this light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile inch i'th' Isle, and kiss
thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [Drinks agen.]

Trinc. Well drawn, Monster, in good faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him
No more sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And I with my long Nails, will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jay's Nest, and instruct thee how to snare
The Marmazet; I'll bring thee to cluster'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good natur'd race;
Is there no more of thy kin in this Island?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self ;
My lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she ?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-Combs.
Say my King, shall I call her to thee ?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too.

If she proves handsom she is mine : here Monster,
Drink agen for thy good news ; thou shalt speak
A good word for me.

[Gives him the Bottle.

Calib. Farewel, old Master, farewel, farewel.

Sings. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,
Ban, Ban, *Cackaliban*
Has a new Master, get a new man.
Heigh-day, Freedom, freedom !

Trinc. Here's two subjects got already, the Monster,
And his Sister : well, Duke *Stephano*, I say, and say agen,
Wars will ensue, and so I drink.

[Drinks.

From this worshipful Monster, and Mistrefs,
Monster his Sister,
I'll lay claim to this Island by Alliance :
Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse :
Come away Brother Monster, I'll lead thee to my Butt
And drink her health.

[Exeunt.

Enter Prospero alone.

Prosp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The infant Duke of *Mantua* so near them in this Isle,
Whose Father dying bequeath'd him to my care,
Till my false Brother (when he design'd to usurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I saw death threat'ning him, if, till some time were
Past, he should behold the face of any Woman :
And now the danger's nigh : *Hippolito* !

[Enter Hippolito.

Hip.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Prosp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurry'd me from thence,
Only to change my Prison, not to free me. /
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Prosp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a Prisoner.

Prosp. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature liv'd
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of,
Why then should I fear?

Prosp. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who share man's sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depose him from it.

Hip. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Prosp. Those dangerous enemies of men call'd women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
But have I Enemies within this Isle, and do you
Keep me from them? do you think that I want
Courage to encounter 'em?

Prosp. No courage can resist 'em.

Hip. How then have you, Sir,
Liv'd so long unharm'd among them?

Prosp. O they despise old age, and spare it for that reason:
It is below their conquest, their fury falls
Alone upon the young.

Hip. Why then the fury of the young should fall on them again.
Pray turn me loose upon 'em: but, good Sir,
What are women like?

Prosp. Imagine something between young men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales,

They are all enchantment, those who once behold 'em,
Are made their slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Prosp. 'Tis but in vain, for when your eyes are shut,
They through the lids will shine, and pierce your soul;
Absent, they will be present to you.

They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Prosp. You are without all possibility of revenge,
They are so beautiful that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hip. Are they so beautiful?

Prosp. Calm sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer Shades so pleasant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves?
Or have more various beauty than the Rain-bow?
These I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

Prosp. All these are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em streight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety of the
Unblemish'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure I shall
Not then forbear them.

Prosp. Go in and read the Book I gave you last.
Tomorrow I may bring you better news.

Hip. I shall obey you, Sir.

[Exit Hippolito.]

Prosp. So, so; I hope this lesson has secur'd him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his Lodging
From yonder Rock where first I bred him up;
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the Shipwrack happen'd near his Mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:

The Planets seem to smile on my designs,
 And yet there is one fullen cloud behind,
 I would it were disperst. [*Enter Miranda and Dorinda.*
 How, my daughters! I thought I had instructed
 Them enough: Children! retire;
 Why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

Prosp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
 Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, Sir?

Prosp. All that you can imagine is ill there,
 The curled Lyon, and the rugged Bear
 Are not so dreadful as that man.

Mir. Oh me, why stay we here then?

Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a man;
 And yet you are not dreadful.

Prosp. I child! but I am a tame man; old men are tame
 By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild
 Young man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?

Prosp. No, they are wild within Doors, in Chambers,
 And in Closets.

Dor. But Father, I would stroak 'em and make 'em gentle,
 Then sure they would not hurt me.

Prosp. You must not trust them, Child: no woman can come
 Neer 'em but she feels a pain full nine Months:
 Well I must in; for new affairs require my
 Presence: be you, *Miranda*, your Sister's Guardian.

[*Exit Prospero.*

Dor. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way,
 The man will catch us else, we have but two legs,
 And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you
 And we shall spy him e're he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
 Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form;
And he shall not see us.

Dor. I, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each
Others Counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the world.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not
Know him first?

Dor. Nay I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my
Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. I, there's it, Sister, if he had said nothing I had been
quiet. Go softly, and if you see him first, be quick and beckon
me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my self to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a fault.

Mir. And if I can but scape with life, I had rather be in pain
nine Months, as my Father threatn'd, than lose my longing.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene changes, and discovers Hippolito in a Cave
walking, his face from the Audience.*

Hip. Prospero has often said that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are women made?
Are they to suck the poyson of the Earth,
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda peeping.

Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, just so, and has legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between men and spirits.

Dor. Hark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant;
For this is just like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; see, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.

I would

I would not for the world that you should venture.
My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame man, dear Sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will ! but go back, and he shall eat me first :
Fye, are you not asham'd to be so much inquisitive ?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.

Observe how he begins to stare already.
I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness.
I'll venture you, no more than you will me.

Prosp. within. *Miranda*, Child, where are you !

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call ? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me ; I will but say my Prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sister, you'll repent it. [Exit *Miranda*.

Dor. Though I dye for't, I must have th' other peep.

Hip. seeing her. What thing is that ? sure 'tis some Infant of
the Sun, dress'd in his Fathers gayest Beams, and comes to play
with Birds : my sight is dazl'd, and yet I find I'm loth to
shut my Eyes.

I must go nearer it----but stay a while ;
May it not be that beauteous murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to shun ? Speak, what art thou ?
Thou shining Vision !

Dor. Alas I know not ; but I'm told I am a Woman ;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my eyes out, than consent to do you any
harm ; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I
e're prove so to that which looks like you : for though I have
been charg'd by him (whom yet I never disobey'd) to shun your
presence, yet I'd rather dye than lose it ; therefore I hope you
will not have the heart to hurt me : though I fear you are a man,
that dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd ; pray tell
me what you are ?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a man,

But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poyson to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two poysonous Creatures,
Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual Knot:
If we have any venome in us, sure, we cannot be more
Poysonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?

[Takes her hand.]

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's hands
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,
When I touch yours, which makes me sigh: just so
I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleasing grief; and so methought was theirs;
For still they mourn'd, and still they seem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the same sense too: your hand
Methinks goes through me; I feel at my heart,
And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Prospr. within. Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls: agen, ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my Father,
Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:

He said our meeting would destructive be,
But I no death but in our parting see.

[Exeunt several ways.]

ACT III.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. EXCUSE it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and, I thought the more discreet) I gave the conduct of your Sister's actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

Pros. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not see the man whom I command- ed you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a distance.

Pros. Did not his Eyes infect and poyson you? What alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondred at a sight so new.

Pros. But have you no desire once more to see him? Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw, so fine that it appear'd more fit to be belov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

Pros. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I should, except the thing had first lov'd me?

Pros. Cherish those thoughts: you have a generous soul; And since I see your mind not apt to take the light Impressions of a sudden love, I will unfold A secret to your knowledge.

That Creature which you saw, is of a kind which Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propose him as an object of terrour to my mind? you never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you said I did believe as sacred.

Pros. I fear'd the pleasing form of this young man Might unawares possess your tender breast,

Which

Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd ;
 For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see another of his kind,
 The full blown-flower, of which this youth was but the
 Op'ning-bud. Go in, and send your sister to me.

Mir. Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

[*Ex. Miranda.*]

Prosp. And make thee fortunate.

Dorinda now must be examin'd too concerning this
 Late interview. I'm sure unartful truth lies open
 In her mind, as Crystal streams their sandy bottom show.
 I must take care her love grow not too fast,
 For innocence is Love's most fertile soil,
 Wherein he soon shoots up and widely spreads,
 Nor is that danger which attends *Hippolito* yet overpast.

[*Enter Dorinda.*]

Prosp. O, come hither, you have seen a man to day,
 Against my strict command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

Prosp. Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

Dor. Did she? truly she would have seen him more than I,
 But that I would not let her.

Prosp. Why so?

Dor. Because, methought, he would have hurt me less
 Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
 With him, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Prosp. Hah! was he to blame?
 Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you, how you became so
 bold to see the man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did not see him
 much till he saw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and
 star'd, and star'd upon my face; and so I thought I would be re-
 veng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I
 e're come neer a man again-----

Prosp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be
 warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are mistaken in
 him; for he did me no great hurt.

Prosp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e're I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous man runs ever in my mind.

Prosp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him
To see him once agen; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I should never break my promise.

Prosp. Wou'd you see him who did you so much mischief?

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me,
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so as it griev'd
My heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those sighs were poysonous, they infected you:
You say they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prosp. These are the Day-dreams of a maid in love,
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir,
I know he will not hurt you for my sake;
I'll undertake to tie him to a hair,
And lead him hither as my Pris'ner to you.

Prosp. Take heed, *Dorinda*, you may be deceiv'd;
This Creature is of such a Salvage race,
That no mild usage can reclaim his wildness;
But, like a Lyon's whelp bred up by hand,
When least you look for't, Nature will present
The Image of his Fathers bloody Paws,
Wherewith he purvey'd for his couching Queen;
And he will leap into his native fury.

Dor. He cannot change from what I left him, Sir.

Prosp. You speak of him with too much passion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What past betwixt you and that horrid creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you should call it so,
indeed I should be angry.

Prosp. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer to what
I ask, what thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it star'd upon me and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely, that when

I would have fled away, my feet seem'd fasten'd to the ground,
 Then it drew near, and with amazement askt
 To touch my hand; which, as a ransom for my life,
 I gave : but when he had it, with a furious gripe,
 He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he
 Would have swallow'd it.

Prosp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
 That he became more kind to me than you are;
 Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
 Agen, my heart did beat so strong as I lackt breath
 To answer what he ask'd.

Pr sp. You have been too fond, and I should chide you for it.

Dor. Then send me to that creature to be punisht.

Prosp. Poor Child! thy passion like a lazy Ague
 Has seiz'd thy blood, instead of striving thou humour'st
 And feed'st thy languishing disease : thou fight'st
 The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
 I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?

If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how :
 He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
 But looks about him like a Callow-bird
 Just stragg'l'd from the Nest : pray trust me, Sir,
 To go to him agen.

Prosp. Since you will venture,
 I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him,
 Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
 But keep at distance from him.

Dor. This is hard.

Prosp. It is the way to make him love you more ;
 He will despise you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'll struggle with my heart to follow this,
 But if I lose him by it, will you promise
 To bring him back agen?

Prosp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
 But use him ill and he'll be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me agen. [*Exit Dorinda.*

Prosp.

Prosp. Now my designs are gathering to a head.
My spirits are obedient to my charms.

What, *Ariel*! my servant *Ariel*, where art thou?

[*Enter Ariel.*

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Master? here I am.

Prosp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you in such another
Work: how goes the day?

Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord, and on the sixth you said our
work should cease.

Prosp. And so it shall;
And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks my great Lord.

Prosp. But tell me first, my spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-Grove which weather-fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

Prosp. How do they bear their sorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:
His tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Vision did so work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.

Prosp. Dost thou think so, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Prosp. And mine shall:

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and shall not I (a man like them, one
Who as sharply relish passions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd than thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reason 'gainst my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refresh with needful food their

Famish'd bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Prosper. With a twinckle, *Ariel.*

Ariel. Before you can say come and go,
And breath twice, and cry so; so,
Each spirit tripping on his toe,
Shall bring 'em meat with mop and moe,
Do you love me, Master, I, or no?

Prosper. Dearly, my dainty *Ariel*, but stay, spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax* his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!

They have cast off your service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcel'd your Island into Governments.

Prosper. No matter, I have now no need of 'em;
But, spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Prosper. Make hast, then.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir,
My old Bones ake, here's a Maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and Meanders, by your patience
I needs must rest.

Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self seiz'd
With a weariness to the dulling of my Spirits:
Sit and rest.

[*They sit.*]

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we
Stray to find, and the Sea mocks our frustrate
Search on Land: well! let him go.

Ant.

Ant. Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
Which you resolv'd t' effect.

Alonz. I'm faint with hunger, and must despair
Of food, Heav'n hath incens'd the Seas and
Shores against us for our crimes.

[*Musick.*

What! Harmony agen, my good friends, heark!

Anto. I fear some other horrid apparition.
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I beseech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis chearful Musick, this, unlike the first;
And seems as 'twere meant t'unbend our cares,
And calm your troubled thoughts.

Ariel invisible Sings.

*Dry those eyes which are o'reflowing,
All your storms are over-blowing:
While you in this Isle are bideing,
You shall feast without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.*

Alonz. This voice speaks comfort to us.

Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Musick in a Song:
To me, my stomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a heavenly Vision of Boyl'd,
Bak'd, and Roasted!

Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornu-Copia in their hands.

Alonz. Are these plump shapes sent to deride our hunger?

Gonz. No, no: it is a Masque of fatten'd Devils, the
Burgo-Masters of the lower Region. [*Dance and vanish.*
O for a Collop of that large-haunch'd Devil
Who went out last!

Ant. going to the door. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.
A Table, as I live, set out and furnisht
With all varieties of Meats and fruits.

Alonz.

Alonz. 'Tis so indeed, but who dares tast this feast,
Which Fiends provide, perhaps, to poyson us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be so ill-natur'd, he may do his pleasure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we must either eat or famish,
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both resolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. Then good my Lord, make haste,
And say no Grace before it, I beseech you,
Because the meat will vanish strait, if, as I fear,
An evil Spirit be our Cook.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a Lass?

Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the Daughters
of the Tyrant *Prospero*; and she is bigger than 'em both. O here
she comes; now thou may'st judge thy self, my Lord.

[*Enter Sycorax.*]

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my Spouse?
well she's Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld Monster). The
Trincalos, like other wise men, have anciently us'd to marry for
Estate more than for beauty.

Sycorax. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy neck,
and that which dangles at thy wrist.

[*Sycorax points to his Bosens Whistle, and his Bottle.*]

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, observe my Chuck, is a
badge of my Sea-Office; my fair Fuss, thou dost not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the
next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a
Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty child, and wear it first.

Trinc. I prithee sweet Babby do not play the wanton, and cry
for my goods e're I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou
shalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc.

Trinc. This is a sucking-Bottle for young *Trincalo*.

Calib. This is a God a mighty liquor, I did but drink thrice of it, and it hath made me glad e're since.

Syc. He is the bravest God I ever saw.

Calib. You must be kind to him, and he will love you.

I prithee speak to her, my Lord, and come neerer her.

Trinc. By this light, I dare not till I have drank : I must Fortifie my Stomack first.

Syc. I shall have all his fine things when I'm a Widow.

[*Pointing to his Bottle, and Bosens Whistle.*]

Calib. I, but you must be kind and kiss him then.

Trinc. My Brother Monster is a rare Pimp.

Syc. I'll hug thee in my arms, my Brother's God.

Trinc. Think o' thy soul *Trincalo*, thou art a dead man if this kindness continue.

Calib. And he shall get thee a young *Sycorax*, wilt thou not, my Lord?

Trinc. Indeed I know not how, they do no such thing in my Country.

Syc. I'll shew thee how : thou shalt get me twenty *Sycoraxes* ; and I'll get thee twenty *Calibans*.

Trinc. Nay, if they are got, she must do't all her self, that's certain.

Syc. And we will tumble in cool Plashes, and the soft Fens, Where we will make us Pillows of Flags and Bull-rushes.

Calib. My Lord, she would be loving to thee, and thou wilt not let her.

Trinc. Ev'ry thing in its season, Brother Monster ; but you must counsel her ; fair Maids must not be too forward.

Syc. My Brother's God, I love thee ; prithee let me come to thee.

Trinc. Subject Monster, I charge thee keep the Peace between us.

Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor ?

Trinc. Umph ! that's another question : for if she be thus rampant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine ?

[*Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.*]

Ariel.

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine.

[Exit *Ariel.*

Trinc. Well! since it must be so.

[Gives her the Bottle.

How do you like it now, my Queen that Must be?

[She drinks.

Syc. Is this your heavenly liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? what a mighty Prince shall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo.*

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merryest Frogs in Christendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this liquor:

I prithee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster.

[*Caliban drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up, Like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't, I'll taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live. It was a cold gulp such as this which kill'd my famous Predecessor old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquorish Monster.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of *Prospero's* spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I never lov'd 'em from my Childhood. The Devil take 'em, I would it had bin holy-water for their sakes.

Syc. Will not thy mightiness revenge our wrongs, on this great Sorcerer? I know thou wilt, for thou art valiant.

Trinc. In my Sack, Madam Monster, as any flesh alive.

Syc. Then I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth: now cannot I hold out against her. This Wife-like virtue of hers, has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:

But

But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;
 Do not discourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*
 Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,
 And subject Monster; [*Ent. Steph. Must. Vent.*
 The Enemy is come to surprize us in our Quarters.
 You shall know Rebels that I'm marry'd to a Witch,
 And we have a thousand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
 (Finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy)
 Are come to treat a peace betwixt us,
 Which may be for the good of both Armies,
 Therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in
 your mouth, I'll not accept of your Embassy without my
 title.

Steph. A title shall break no squares betwixt us:
 Vice-Roys, give him his stile of Duke, and treat with him,
 Whilst I walk by in state.

[*Ventoso and Mustacho bow whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.*

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke *Stephano*, has sent us
 In the first place to demand of you, upon what
 Ground you make war against him, having no right
 To Govern here, as being elected only by
 Your own voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, that having in the face of the world
 Espous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Island,
 Queen *Blouze* the first, and having homage done me,
 By this hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two
 I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who, that Monster? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Vent. Lord! quoth he: the Monster's a very natural.

Syc. Lo! lo! agen; bite him to death I prithee.

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads
 I advise you, and proceed to your business, for I have
 Other affairs to dispatch of more importance betwixt
 Queen Slobber-Chops and my self.

Must. First and foremost, as to your claim that you have an-
 swer'd.

Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you,
That if we make a peace, the Butt also may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

Must. Is the Butt safe, Duke *Trincalo*?

Trinc. The Butt is partly safe: but to comprehend it in the
Treaty, or indeed to make any Treaty, I cannot with my hon-
our, without your submission. These two, and the Spirits
under me, stand likewise upon their honours.

Calib. Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink
Brine, for I will not show 'em the quick freshes of the Island.

Steph. I understand, being present, from my Embassadors
what your resolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation,
and so I take our leave; but first I desire to be entertain'd at
your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Embassadors.

Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of Hostility be ceas'd.
These Rogues are rather Spies than Embassadors;
I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the secrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. *Trincalo* you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt Steph. Must. Vent.*]

Trinc. Subject Monster! stand your Sentry before my Cel-
lar; my Queen and I will enter and feast our selves within.

Syc. May I not marry that other King and his two subjects,
to help you anights?

Trinc. What a careful Spouse have I? well! if she does
Cornute me, the care is taken.

When underneath my power my foes have truckl'd,

To be a Prince, who would not be a Cuckold?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel (invisible.)

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musician conduct:
My steps? he hovers still about me, whether
For good or ill I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been so long a slave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns,
But here I am-----

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd.

Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:
 This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of my
 Grievs accord with any thing but sighs.
 And my last words; like those of dying men
 Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades, where
 Few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
 But I'll not take his counsel.

Ariel. Take his counsel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's counsel. I'll never take it.

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
 Nor follow one step further.

Ariel. One step further.

Ferd. This must have more importance than an Eccho.
 Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
 I'll try if it will answer when I sing
 My sorrows to the murmurs of this Brook.

He sings.

Go thy way.

Ariel.

Go thy way.

Ferd. *Why should'st thou stay?*

Ariel. *Why should'st thou stay?*

Ferd. *Where the Winds whistle, and where the streams creep,
 Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.*

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ariel.

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ferd. *What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?*

Within this desert place

There lives no humane race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune smile.

Ariel. *Kind Fortune smiles, and she*

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

Ferd. I'll take thy word for once ;

Lead on Musician.

[*Exeunt and return.*]

Scene changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

Frosp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and say what thou see'st yonder .

Mir. Is it a Spirit?

Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess it carries a brave form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Frosp. No Girl, it eats and sleeps, and has such senses as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou see'st, was in the wrack; were he not somewhat stain'd with grief (beauty's worst Cancker) thou might'st call him a goodly person; he has lost his company, and strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

Frosp. It goes on as my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit. I'll free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress, on whom these airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are divine, be pleas'd to instruct me how you will be worship'd; so bright a beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the best of them who speak this speech, when I'm in my own Country.

Frosp. How, the best? what wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my self am *Savoy*, whose fatal Eyes (e're since at ebbe) beheld the Duke my Father wrackt.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Frosp. At the first sight they have chang'd Eyes, dear *Ariel*, I'll set thee free for this-----young, Sir, a word. With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently?

This is the third man that e're I saw, the first whom

E're I sigh'd for, sweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affection not gone forth,
I'll make you Mistress of *Savoy*.

Prosp. Soft, Sir! one word more.

They are in each others powers, but this swift
Business I must uneasie make, lest too light
Winning make the prize light----one word more.
Thou usurp'st the name not due to thee, and hast
Put thy self upon this Island as a spy to get the
Government from me, the Lord of it.

Ferd. No, as I'm a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple,
If th' Evil Spirit hath so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Prosp. No more. Speak not you for him, he's a Traytor,
Come! thou art my Pris'ner and shalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the fresh-Brook-Muscles, wither'd Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.

Ferd. No, I will resist such entertainment
Till my Enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*]

Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a tryal
Of him, for he's gentle and not fearful.

Prosp. My child my Tutor! put thy Sword up Traytor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike: thy
Conscience is possess'd with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you Father.

Prosp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.

Prosp. Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an advocate for an
Impostor? sure thou think'st there are no more
Such shapes as his?

To the most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My affections are then most humble,
I have no ambition to see a goodlier man.

Prosp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy agen, and have
No vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Prison behold this maid:
All corners else o'th' Earth let liberty make use of:
I have space enough in such a Prison.

Prosp. It works: come on:
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Heark what thou shalt more do for me.

[*Whispers Ariel.*]

Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Prosp. Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my command.

Ariel. To a Syllable.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Prosp. to Mir. Go in that way, speak not a word for him:
I'll separate you.

[*Exit Miranda.*]

Ferd. As soon thou may'st divide the waters
When thou strik'st 'em, which pursue thy bootless blow,
And meet when'tis past.

Prosp. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince---- That Door
Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. 'Tis in vain to strive, I must obey.

[*Exit Ferd.*]

Prosp. This goes as I would wish it.
Now for my second care, *Hippolito*.
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,

His passion is become his punishment.

Come forth, *Hippolito*.

[*Enter Hippolito*.

Hip. entring. 'Tis *Prospero's* voice.

Prosp. *Hippolito!* I know you now expect I should severely chide you: you have seen a woman in contempt of my commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharm'd; I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.

Prosp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt.

Hip. No, none Sir.

Try me agen, when e're you please I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Prosp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature!

[*Aside.*

Well! what was the success of your encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to mercy, and she me.

Prosp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
But still I wish----yet if I had that woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Prosp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the rest o'th' world that I might live alone with:
Her, she never should be from me.

We too would sit and look till our eyes ak'd.

Prosp. You'd soon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir, never.

Prosp. But you'l grow old and wrinckl'd, as you see me now,
And then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never possibly grow old.

Prosp. You must, *Hippolito*.

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us?

Prosp. Nature, which made me so.

Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.

Prosp. Time will convince you,
Mean while be sure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her, and that you may not want:

Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble presence, and as he says himself,
Of Princely birth, he is my Pris'ner and in deep
Affliction, visit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my duty, Sir.

[*Exit Hippolito.*]

Pros. True, he has seen a woman, yet he lives, perhaps I
took the moment of his birth amiss, perhaps my Art it self is
false: on what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears,
mans life is all a mist, and in the dark, our fortunes meet us.

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee,
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?

If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,

If ill'tis ours, if good the act of Heaven.

[*Exit Prospero.*]

Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand.

Scene, a Cave.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.

Hip. I, and an only Father too, for sure you said
You had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous simple!

[*Aside.*]

Hip. Are such misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live?

Ferd. Such we are born to.

But gentle youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How should I?

Hip. I well hop'd I was a man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:

Well, *Prospero!* this is now the second time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a man:
But I would know of whence?

Hip.

Hip. Why, of this world, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a man, yet I have bin so much deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth; but I have still been kept a Prisoner for fear of women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for since I came I have beheld one here, whose beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did she pierce? you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright eyes,
And festers by her absence.

But to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I suspect that love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no rest.

Hip. Just, just my disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.

Hip. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:
But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Just my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that must not be:
For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps, we do not love the same:
All beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Besides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a strange question. There are many more besides that beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But noble youth, you know not what you say.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoyce! more women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love you must be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is against my Nature.

I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all;

All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,

For I must have her.

Ferd. His simplicity

Is such that I can scarce be angry with him.

Perhaps, sweet youth, when you behold her,

You will find you do not love her.

[*Aside.*]

Hip. I find already I love, because she is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two women, both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do resemble

Her whom I've already seen. I'll have as many as I can,

That are so good, and Angel-like, as she I love!

And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force restrain you from it.

Hip. Why do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no Woman, or you must try your force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.

Hip. Well you may love, for *Prospero* taught me friendship
too: you shall love me and other men if you can find 'em, but
all the Angel-women shall be mine.

Ferd. I must break off this conference; or he will
Urge me else beyond what I can bear.

Sweet youth! some other time we will speak

Further concerning both our loves; at present

I am indispos'd with weariness and grief,

And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember

That I both seek and much intreat your friendship;

For next to Women, I find I can love you:

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it. [*Exit Ferdinand.*]

Hip. This Stranger does insult and comes into my
World to take those heavenly beauties from me;

Which

Which I believe I am inspir'd to love,
 And yet he said he did desire but one.
 He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich :
 I now perceive that *Prospero* was cunning ;
 For when he frighted me from woman-kind,
 Those precious things he for himself design'd.

[Exit.

A C T IV.

Enter Prospero, and Miranda.

Pros. **Y**our suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
 Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him :
 But yet take heed ; let Prudence be your Guide ;
 You must not stay, your visit must be short. [She's going.
 One thing I had forgot ; insinuate into his mind
 A kindness to that youth, whom first you saw ;
 I would have friendship grow betwixt 'em.

Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.

Pros. Be earnest to unite their very souls.

Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Pros. This may secure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which
 my art forebodes ; for friendship does provide a double strength
 t'oppose th' assaults of fortune. [Exit Prospero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double
 tye ; a Link of fortune joyn'd to the chain of love ; but not
 to see her, and yet to be so near her, there's the hardship ; I
 feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on
 which I might have ease, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir ! my Lord ? where are you ?

Ferd. Is it your voice ; my Love ? or do I dream ?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle, than your Father's cruel, how on a sudden all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. I come to help you to support your griefs.

Ferd. While I stand gazing thus, and thus have leave to touch your hand, I do not envy freedom.

Mir. Hark! hark! is't not my Father's voice I hear? I fear he calls me back again too soon.

Ferd. Leave fear to guilty minds: 'tis scarce a virtue when it is paid to Heaven.

Mir. But there 'tis mix'd with love, and so is mine; yet I may fear, for I am guilty when I disobey my Fathers will in loving you too much.

Ferd. But you please Heav'n in disobeying him, Heav'n bids you succour Captives in distress.

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and silence wait upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it, and 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would:

But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will dye when you are false.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghost must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing: do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! bear witness to this sound;
If I prove false----

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeserved captivity, then I could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

Mir. I am a fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a suit to you, and that, Sir, shall be now the only tryal of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave said enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rebid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for his own deserves all the respect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his usage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a request which if you love I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes such a one, who for his sweetness and his goodly shape, (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can scarce be equall'd: 'Tis a youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful feature, and must I for your sake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple to grant the first request I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the world, and wants your conversation. You should have compassion on so meek a stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend, not whom you praise.

Mir. I only ask this easie tryal of you.

Ferd. Perhaps it might have easier bin
If you had never ask'd it:

Mir. I cannot understand you; and methinks am loth
To be more knowing.

Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get access, when my
Confinement makes me want that blessing.
His compassion need, and not he mine.

Mir. If that be all you doubt, trust me for him.
He has a melting heart, and soft to all the Seals
Of kindness; I will undertake for his compassion.

Ferd. O Heavens! would I were sure I did not need it.

Mir. Come, you must love him for my sake: you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

Mir. Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?

Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I have done, so full of youth and beauty.

Ferd. O poyson to my hopes! [Aside.
When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.

Mir. Alas, what mean you?

Ferd. It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false,
But has not learnt the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Because she's young? No, no, their Nurses teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.

Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you please to hear me--- [A noise within.
Heark! Sir! now I am sure my Father comes, I know
His steps; dear Love retire a while, I fear
I've stay'd too long.

Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: oh jealousy!
Oh Love! how you distract me? [Exit Ferdinand

Mir. He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Fathers knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love. [Enter Prospero.

Pros. Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You have seen the Prisoner?

Mir. Yes.

Pros. And he spake to you?

Mir. He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

Pros. How like you his converse?

Mir. At second sight

A man does not appear so rare a Creature.

Pros. aside. I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence,
And where he gets possession, his first work is to
Dig deep within a heart, and there lie hid,

And like a Miser in the dark to feast alone.
But tell me, dear *Miranda*, how does he suffer
His imprisonment?

Mir. I think he seems displeas'd.

Pros. O then 'tis plain his temper is not noble,
For the brave with equal minds bear good
And evil fortune.

Mir. O, Sir, but he's pleas'd again so soon
That 'tis not worth your noting.

Pros. To be soon displeas'd and pleas'd so suddenly again,
Does shew him of a various froward Nature.

Mir. The truth is, Sir, he was not vex'd at all, but only
Seem'd to be so.

Pros. If he be not and yet seems angry, he is a dissembler,
Which shews the worst of Natures.

Mir. Truly, Sir, the man has faults enough; but in my con-
science that's none of 'em. He can be no dissembler.

Pros. aside. How she excuses him, and yet desires that I
should judge her heart indifferent to him? well, since his faults
are many, I am glad you love him not.

Mir. 'Tis like, Sir, they are many,
But I know none he has, yet let me often see him
And I shall find 'em all in time.

Pros. I'll think on't.
Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.

Mir. aside. Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee; if I can
make him think I do not love the stranger much, he'll let me see
him oftner. [Exit *Miranda*.

Pros. Stay! stay----I had forgot to ask her what she has said
Of young *Hippolito*: Oh! here he comes! and with him
My *Dorinda*. I'll not be seen, let [Ent. *Hippolito and Dorinda*.
Their loves grow in secret. [Exit *Prospero*.

Hip. But why are you so sad?

Dor. But why are you so joyful?

Hip. I have within me all, all the various Musick of
The Woods. Since last I saw you I have heard brave news!
I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I through my eyes drew

Something in, I know not what it is;
 But still it entertains me with such thoughts
 As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me;

As I'm a man, I'll tell you blessed news.

I have heard there are more Women in the World,
 As fair as you are too.

Dor. Is this your news? you see it moves not me.

Hip. And I'll have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.

But are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dor. I never saw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?

This is a base poor world, I'll go to th' other;
 I've heard men have abundance of 'em there.
 But pray where is that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Sister?

Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: you shall help me to
 her, and I'll love you for't. [*Offers to take her hand.*]

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.

My Father's counsel which enjoyn'd reservedness, [*Aside.*]
 Was not in vain I see.

Hip. What makes you shun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sisters hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers touch yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why should not I do so?

Dor. She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her:

But you cannot love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can:

Oh that you had more Sisters!

Dor. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.

Hip. O but you must;

One is enough for you, but not for me.

Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another;

A man like you, and she lik'd only him;

Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I should change and like that man?

Would you be willing to permit that change?

Hip. No, for you lik'd me first.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you see that man;
I cannot bear it.

Dor. I'll see neither of you.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the man of whom your Father warn'd you:

O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous creature,
I am but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will see him,

Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

Hip. Yes for your sake I needs must see your Sister.

Dor. But she's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not
Her Sister she would eat me; therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that she was fair, and like you.

Dor. No, indeed, she's like my Father, with a great Beard,
'T would fright you to look on her,
Therefore that man and she may go together,
They are fit for no body but one another.

Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring eyes, fly! fly!
before he sees you.

Dor. Must we part so soon?

Hip. Y'are a lost Woman if you see him.

Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear you
Should not find me. I'll avoid him. [Exit Dorinda.]

Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;

All of a Kind that I have seen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and
The Woods are so. [Enter Ferdinand.]

Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy man!
Y' have got the hearts of both the beautiful Women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you sure on't?

Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ferd. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatsoe're it be
I long to have her.

Ferd. Time and my grief may make me dye.

Hip. But for a friend you should make haste; I ne're ask'd
Any thing of you before.

Ferd. I see your ignorance;
And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, saw you and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her you'll cause my death.

Hip. Befure I'll do't then.

Ferd. But I am your friend;
And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When friends request unreasonable things,
Sure th'are to be deny'd: you say she's fair,
And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a secret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my self; they all are made for me.

Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and
one for you.

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there so many be i'th' World)
So that if once I see her I shall love her.

Ferd. Then do not see her.

Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.
For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.

Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.

Hip. How will you hinder me?

Ferd. By force of Arms.

Hip. By force of Arms?

My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.

Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid force: pray, do not see her, she was
Mine first; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations are to love all Women :
And I have been taught that to dissemble what I
Think is base. In honour then of truth, I must
Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I should see and love your
Woman, and endeavour to seduce her from that
Affection which she vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you should do it, but if she should
Love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide against
The worst, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours ;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty.
If that will get me Women, they shall have it
As far as e're 'twill go : I'll never want 'em.

Ferd. Then since you have refused this act of friendship,
Provide your self a Sword ; for we must fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that ?

Ferd. Why such a thing as this.

Hip. What should I do with it ?

Ferd. You must stand thus, and push against me,
While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave sport,
But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel ?

Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange ignorance ! you must defend your life,
And so must I : but since you have no Sword
Take this ; for in a corner of my Cave [*Gives him his sword.*
I found a rusty one, perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Pris'ner here : that I will fit :

When next we meet prepare your self to fight.

Hip. Make haste then, this shall ne're be yours agen.
I mean to fight with all the men I meet, and

When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.

Ferd. I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take Your life, but if you please we'll fight on These conditions; He who first draws bloud, Or who can take the others Weapon from him, Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour, And both the Women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win these first.

Hip. I'll warrant you I'll push you. [Exeunt severally.]

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Who?

Calib. The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects, That would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a Monster of parts I would make thee My Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in. The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want Of behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em, Just as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's against the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouse, and must give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

Enter Stephano, Ventoso, Mustacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have consider'd.

Trinc. Peace, or War?

Must. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I come now as a private person, and promise to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first Fruits

Fruits of it, amongst all civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy :
Caliban skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowse to her Graces health, and to the *Hause in Kelder*, or rather *Haddock in Kelder*, for I guess it will be half Fish. [Aside.

Trinc. Subject *Stephano* here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [Drinks.

Steph. Great Magistrate, here's thy Sisters health to thee. [Drinks to Caliban.

Syc. He shall not drink of that immortal liquor,
 My Lord, let him drink water.

Trinc. O sweet heart, you must not shame your self to day.
 Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry :
 She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

Must. Ventoso here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one anothers bellies?

Vent. Let it come Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatness aside, and shake my heels, if I had but Musick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all sorts, some great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou shalt hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-Law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. sings. We want Musick, we want Mirth,
 Up Dam and cleave the Earth,
 We have now no Lords that wrong us;
 Send thy merry Sprights among us.

[Musick heard.

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Musick and pay nothing for't? come hands, hands; Let's lose no time while the Devil's in the Humour.

[A Dance.

Trinc. Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Must. Then the Bottle's a weak shallow fellow if it be drunk first.

Trinc.

Trinc. *Caliban*, give Bottle the belly full agen.

Steph. May I ask your Grace a question? pray is that hectoring Spark, as you call'd him, flesh or fish?

Trinc. Subject I know not, but he drinks like a fish.

[Enter *Caliban*.

Steph. O here's the Bottle agen; he has made a good voyage, Come, who begins a Brindis to the Duke?

Trinc. I'll begin it my self: give me the Bottle; 'tis my Prerogative to drink first; *Stephano*, give methy hand, Thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee, [Drinks. Prithee why should we quarrel? shall I swear Two Oaths? by Bottle, and by Butt I love thee: In witness whereof I drink soundly.

Steph. Your Grace shall find there's no love lost, For I will pledge you soundly.

Trinc. Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one; Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Steph. I will pledge your Grace Up se Dutch.

Trinc. But thou shalt not pledge me before I have drunk agen, would'st thou take the Liquor of Life out of my hands; I see thou art a piece of a Rebel still, but here's to thee, now thou shalt have it. [Stephano drinks.

Vent. We loyal Subjects may be choak'd for any drink we can get.

Trinc. Have patience good people, you are unreasonable, you'd be drunk as soon as I. *Ventoso* you shall have your time, but you must give place to *Stephano*.

Must. Brother *Ventoso*, I am afraid we shall lose our places. The Duke grows fond of *Stephano*, and will declare him Vice-Roy.

Steph. I ha' done my worst at your Graces Bottle.

Trinc. Then the Folks may have it: *Caliban* Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds: Peer *Stephano*, dost thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me; hang my Family: Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what Thou think'st of my Princess?

Steph.

Steph. I look on her as on a very noble Princess.

Trinc. Noble? indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Mounfor *De-Viles* in *France*; but look on her beauty, is she a fit Wife for *Duke Trincalo*? mark her behaviour too, she's tipping yonder with the serving-men.

Steph. An please your Grace she's somewhat homely, but that's no blemish in a Princess. She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! virtuous! I am loth to disparage her; But thou art my Friend, canst thou be close?

Steph. As a stopt Bottle, an't please your Grace.

[Enter Caliban agen with a Bottle.

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-tree, upon a sweet Bed of Nettles, singing *Tory, Rory,* and *Ranthum, Scantum*, with her own natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marry'd her to be a great man and so forth: but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee agen, give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* did you knock the Butt? how does it sound?

Calib. It sounds as though it had a noise within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat and is departing: give me the Bottle. [Drinks.

Must. A short life and a merry I say. [Steph. whispers Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you so?

Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you only to get possession of the Island:

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Fathers too, hem! skink about his Graces health agen. O if you would-but cast an eye of pity upon me----

Syc. I will cast two eyes of pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Black-berries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of 'em; But I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?

Steph.

Steph. I gave him Brandy and drunk Sack my self; wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?

Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [To Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say'st I'mugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her so----hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I see if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. [strikes Stephano.

Syc. Dost thou hurt my love? [Flies at Trincalo.

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treason, Treason!

[Vent. Must. Calib. run betwixt.

Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This false Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom.

[Whispers Mustacho hastily.

Mustacho strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.

Must. I'm against Rebels! *Ventoso* obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [They two fight off from the rest.

Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[*Syc. and Calib. fight, Syc. beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?

[Trincalo beats off Stephano to the door. Exit Stephano.

I'll not pursue too far,

For fear the Enemy should rally agen and surprize my Butt in the Cittadel; well, I must be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, she will be in the fashion else; first Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a separation, to get Alimony.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Ferdinand; Hippolito, (with their swords drawn.)

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?

Hip. As ready as your self, Sir.

Ferd. You remember on what conditions we must fight?
Who first receives a Wound is to submit.

Hip. Come, come, this loses time; now for the
Women, Sir. [*They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.*

Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.

Hip. No.

Ferd. Believe your blood.

Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.

Ferd. Remember our Conditions.

Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[*Hip. presses on, Ferd. retires and wards.*

Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.

Hip. You beat aside my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you shall see my skill.

Ferd. You faint for loss of blood, I see you stagger,
Pray, Sir, retire.

Hip. No! I will ne'er go back----

Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find----

Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazle.

Hip. Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust.

[*Hippolito thrusts and falls.*

Ferd. O help, help, help!

Unhappy man! what have I done?

Hip. I'm going to a cold sleep, but when I wake
I'll fight agen. Pray stay for me.

[*Sounds.*

Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O stay sweet lovely Youth!
Help, help!

[*Enter Prospero.*

Prosp. What dismal noise is that?

Ferd. O see, Sir, see!

What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

Prosp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour

To resist the will of Heaven? [Rubs Hippolito.

He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my designs are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.

No pleasure now is left me but Revenge.

Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence---

Prosp. Peace, peace,

Can thy excuses give me back his life?

What *Ariel*! fluggish spirit, where art thou? [Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

Prosp. I, now thou com'st, when Fate is past and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of

Thy Nature, for as thou art thy self, thou

Canst not be but glad to see young Virtue

Nipt i'th' Blossom.

Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witness

I am not glad, we Airy Spirits are not of temper

So malicious as the Earthy,

But of a Nature more approaching good.

For which we meet in swarms, and often combat

Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Prosp. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretell,
This fatal action then?

Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,

I meant to do it, but I was forbidden

By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,

Who came and threatn'd me if I disclos'd it;

To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,

Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,

(My native fields) above a hundred years.

Prosp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy neglect;

Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila*,

I'll sidge thy airy wings with sulph'rous flames,

And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smoak,

At ev'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain

Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh Air,

And then fall down agen.

Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Prosp.

Prosp. No more of pardon than just Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e're find from me: hence! flye with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him with my Brother streight
Before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought.

[Exit Ariel.]

Ferd. O Heavens! what words are those I heard?
Yet cannot see who spoke 'em: sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some airy Vision.

Prosp. No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet she had faults and must be punish'd for 'em.

Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?

The will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

[Enter Miranda and Dorinda.]

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to see you once again?

Prosp. You come to look your last; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sisters man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not so excellent
As my *Hippolito*.

Prosp. Alas poor Girl, thou hast no man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him?

[She kneels by Hippolito, and jogs him.]

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.

Dor. My Lovè, my Love! will you not speak to me?
I fear you have displeas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me, he's dumb and cold too,
But I'll run streight, and make a fire to warm him.

[Exit Dorinda running.]

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (*invisible*.)

Alonz. Never were Beasts so hunted into toys,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.

But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand*!
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O sinister happiness! Is it
Decreed I should recover you alive, just in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is lost in Death,
And by my hand?

Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?

Gonz. This Isle is full of nothing else.

Alonz. I thought to dye, and in the walks above,
Wand'ring by Star-light, to have sought thee out;
But now I should have gone to Heaven in vain,
Whilst thou art here behind.

Ferd. You must indeed in vain have gone thither
To look for me. Those who are stain'd with such black
Crimes as mine, come seldom there.

Prosp. And those who are, like him, all foul with guilt,
More seldom upward go. You stare upon me as
You n'ere had seen me; have fifteen years
So lost me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of *Prospero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain*!

Prosp. I wonder less, that thou *Antonio* know'st me not,
Because thou did'st long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I never had bin here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Prosp. For you, usurping Prince, [To *Alonzo*.
Know, by my Art, you shipwrackt on this Isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended, I design'd to match that Son
Of yours with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.

Prosp. So am not I. No marriages can prosper
Which are with Murd'ers made; look on that Corps,
This, whilst he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up till that blood-thirsty
Man, that *Ferdinand*---

But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?

Alonz. What do you mean?

Prosp. To execute Heav'n's Laws.

Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossest me of my *Millain*.
Blood calls for blood; your *Ferdinand* shall dye,
And I in bitterness have sent for you
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him dye.

Alonz. And think'st thou I or these will tamely stand
To view the execution? [Lays hand upon his Sword.]

Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you
T' attempt against his life who gave her being
Whom I love.

Prosp. Nay then appear my Guards----I thought no more to
Use their aids; (I'm curs'd because I us'd it)

[He stamps, and many Spirits appear.]

But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this murder.

Alonz. Have I for this found thee my Son, so soon agen
To lose thee? *Antonio, Gonzalo*, speak for pity:
He may hear you.

Ant. I dare not draw that blood upon my self, by
Interceding for him.

Gonz. You drew this judgment down when you usurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.

Alonz. Is this a time t'upbraid me with my sins, when
Grief lies heavy on me? y'are no more my friends,
But crueller than he, whose sentence has
Doom'd my Son to death.

Ant. You did unworthily t'upbraid him.

Gonz. And you do worse t'endure his crimes.

Ant. *Gonzalo* we'll meet no more as friends.

Gonz. Agreed *Antonio*: and we agree in discord.

Ferd. to Mir. Adieu my fairest Mistress.

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.
Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the man I love,

Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.

Prosp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your Death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alonz. Ah, *Prospero*! hear me speak. You are a Father,
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.

Prosp. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.

Do you refuse! help *Ariel* with your fellows
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son bestow in

Yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo* shall with

Antonio lodge. [Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.

Enter *Dorinda*.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd?

Prosp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne're return.

Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?

Prosp. His soul has left his body.

Dor. When will it come agen?

Prosp. O never, never!

He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lye in earth, you do not know

How well he loves me: indeed he'l come agen;

He told me he would go a little while,

But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prosp. He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your Sister.

Now both of you may see what 'tis to break

A Father's precept; you would needs see men, and by

That sight are made for ever wretched.

Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand* must dye

For murdering him.

Mir. Have you no pity?

Prosp. Your disobedience has so much incens'd me, that

I this night can leave no blessing with you.

Help to convey the body to my Couch;

Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

[They bear off the body of *Hippolito*.

Enter

Enter Miranda, and Dorinda again. Ariel behind 'em.

Ariel. I've bin so chid for my neglect by *Prospero*,
That I must now watch all and be unseen.

Mir. Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.

Dor. Blame not me for your own fault; your
Curiosity brought me to see the man.

Mir. You safely might have seen him and retir'd, but
You wou'd needs go near him and converse, you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

Dor. That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but
That yours made him go.

Mir. Sister I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his fortune,
And you must be satisfi'd? [Crying.]

Dor. I'll not be satisfi'd: My Father says he'll make
Your man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive
To make him warm agen.

Mir. In spite of you mine never shall be cold.

Dor. I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to lose a man.

Mir. Yes; but there is some difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.

Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldest
Man I ever saw except it were my Father.

Mir. Sister, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When she says her Father's old.

Dor. But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?

I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

Mir. Sister, I'e never sleep with you agen.

Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground and watch my Love.

Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And eccho to each blast of wind a sigh.

[*Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.*]

Ariel. Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;
Old *Prospero*, by his Daughters rob'd of rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.

Unkindly they abjure each others bed;
To save the living, and revenge the dead.

Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their crimes upbraid.

Antonio and *Gonzalo* disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.

The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their thirst of Government;

And, wanting subjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.

The Monsters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*
More monstrous grow by passions learn'd from man.

Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.

Why shou'd a mortal by Enchantments hold
In chains a spirit of ætherial mould?

Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our subjection wrought!

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. **Y**OU beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.

Pros. It will by me.

Mir.

Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Prosp. I by deferring Justice should incense the Deity
Against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, The Powers above are slow
In punishing, and shou'd not you resemble them?

Prosp. The Powers above may pardon or reprove,
As Sovereign Princes may dispense with Laws,
Which we, as Officers, must execute. Our Acts of grace
To Criminals are Treason to Heavens prerogative.

Mir. Do you condemn him for shedding blood?

Prosp. Why do you ask that question? you know I do.

Mir. Then you must be condemn'd for shedding his,
And he who condemns you, must dye for shedding
Yours, and that's the way at last to leave none living.

Prosp. The Argument is weak, but I want time
To let you see your errors; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him. [He's going.]

Mir. O stay, Sir, I have yet more Arguments.

Prosp. But none of any weight.

Mir. Have you not said you are his Judge?

Prosp. 'Tis true, I am; what then?

Mir. And can you be his Executioner?
If that be so, then all men may declare their
Enemies in fault; and Pow'r without the Sword
Of Justice, will presume to punish what e're
It calls a crime.

Prosp. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother, much
Lest the Father to destroy the Son, it must
Be then the Monster *Caliban*, and he's not here,
But *Ariel* strait shall fetch him. [Enter Ariel.]

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
To serve thy will.

Prosp. Then Spirit fetch me here my salvage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Prosp. Art thou then prone to mischief, wilt thou be thy self
the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy airy Minister, who
For thy sake, unbid, this night has flown

O're almost all the habitable World.

Prosp. But to what purpose was all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord for my Neglect of young *Hippolita*, I went to view His body, and soon found his soul was but retir'd, Not fall'y'd out, and frighted lay at skulk in Th' inmost corner of his scarce-beating heart.

Prosp. Is he not dead?

Ariel. Hear me my Lord! I prun'd my wings, and, fitted for a journey, from the next Isles of our *Hesperides*, I gather'd Moly first, thence shot my self to *Palestine*, and watch'd the trickling Balma, which caught, I glided to the British Isles, and there the purple Panacea found.

Prosp. All this to night?

Ariel. All this, my Lord, I did, Nor was *Hippolito's* good Angel wanting, who Climbing up the circle of the Moon, While I below got Simples for the Cure, went to Each Planet which o're-rul'd those Herbs, And drew it's virtue to increase their pow'r: Long e're this hour had I been back again, But that a Storm took me returning back And slag'd my tender Wings.

Prosp. Thou shalt have rest my spirit, But hast thou search'd the wound?

Ariel. My Lord I have, and 'twas in time I did it; for The soul stood almost at life's door, all bare And naked, shivering like Boys upon a Rivers Bank, and loth to tempt the cold air, but I took Her and stop'd her in; and pour'd into his mouth The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.

Prosp. Thou art my faithful servant.

Ariel. His only danger was his loss of blood, but now He's wak'd, my Lord, and just this hour He must be dress'd again, as I have done it. Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this Weapon-Salve, and wrap it close from air till I have time to visit him again.

Prosp. It shall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*, because your Sister is not present here, while I go visit your Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal This news, that it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir: for now You twice have given me life.

Prosp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

[*Hippolito discovered on a Couch, Dorinda by him.*]

Dor. How do you find your self?

Hip. I'm somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer To the Sun, I am too weak to walk?

Dor. My Love, I'll try.

[*She draws the chair nearer the Audience.*]

I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you bin there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you till you promise me you Will not dye agen.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to Heav'n unless we go together,
For I've heard my Father say that we must strive
To be each others Guide, the way to it will else
Be difficult, especially to those who are so young.
But I much wonder what it is to dye.

Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep
When once the Soul's gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A small blew thing that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty morning run
Smoaking from my mouth.

Hip. But if my soul had gone, it should have walk'd upon
A Cloud just over you, and peep'd, and thence I would have
Call'd you.

Dor. But I should not have heard you, 'tis so far.

Hip. Why then I would have rain'd and snow'd upon you,
And thrown down Hail-stones gently till I hit you,
And made you look at least. But dear *Dorinda*

What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him dye to day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your
Father, he may not dye, it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep I heard
Him calling me a great way off; and crying over me as
You wou'd do, besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven;
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my blood, for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love so many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May live, I'm glad the naughty blood, that made
You love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[Exit *Dor.*]

*Enter Miranda at the other door, with Hippolito's
Sword wrapt up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her? O!
I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound,
How do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed and so am I, for if I had that blood, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am anothers, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find that if you please I can love still a little.

Mir.

Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor shou'd you.

Hip. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. [She unwraps the Sword.

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me,
My wound shoots worse than ever.

[She wipes and anoints the Sword.

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me, sweet Heaven how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ferd. to Dor. Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.

Dor. I am o'rejoy'd my Father lets you live, and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

Mir. How? gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas! I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it
To her generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with *Hippolito*?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruellest of deaths.

Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another man?

Dor. Sister, what business have you here?

Mir. You see I dress *Hippolito*.

Dor. Y'are very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon
For a man, whom you scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he should dye, than you should cure his wound.

Mir. And I wish *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I'm glad you are so well recover'd, you
Keep your humour still to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda*.

Mir. Ah *Ferdinand*! can you become inconstant?

If I must lose you, I had rather death should take
You from me than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have chose, I would have wish'd
That death from *Prospero*, and not this from you.

Dor. I, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sisters company.

Hip. *Dorinda*, kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse each other, and each one deny their guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual error.

And therefore first to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I only love
Your Sister.

[To *Dorinda*.

Mir. O blest word!

I'm sure I love no man but *Ferdinand*.

Dor. Nor I, Heav'n knows; but my *Hippolito*.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much, before I fear'd
Dorinda's constancy; but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, because none else can
Recompence her loss.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then you had this little tryal.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Mir. I have only this to say in my defence: my Father sent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.

Dor. And *Hippolito* sent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.

Ferd. From such small errors, left at first unheeded,
Have often sprung sad accidents in love:
But see, our Fathers and our friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alonzo Prosp. Let it no more be thought of; your purpose
Though it was severe was just. In losing *Ferdinand*
I should have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.

Prosp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.

Dor. O wonder!

How many goodly Creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is!

Hip. O brave new World that has such people in't!

Alonzo to Ferd. Now all the blessings of a glad Father

Compass thee about,

And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

Gonz. I've inward wept; or should have spoke e're this.

Look down sweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop

A blessed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out the

Way which brought us hither.

Ant. Though penitence forc'd by necessity can scarce

Seem real, yet dearest Brother I have hope

My blood may plead for pardon with you, I resign

Dominion, which 'tis true I could not keep,

But Heaven knows too I would not.

Prosp. All past crimes I bury in the joy of this

Blessed day.

Alonz. And that I may not be behind in justice, to this

Young Prince I render back his Dukedom,

And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus salute him.

Hip. What is it that you render back, methinks

You give me nothing.

Prosp. You are to be Lord of a great People,

And o're Towns and Cities.

Hip. And shall these people be all Men and Women?

Gonz. Yes, and shall call you Lord.

Hip. Why then I'll live no longer in a Prison, but

Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

Prosp. And that your happiness may be compleat,

I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife, she shall

Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.

Hip. How can he make us one, shall I grow to her?

Prosp. By saying holy words you shall be joyn'd in marriage

To each other.

Dor. I warrant you those holy words are charms.

My Father means to conjure us together.

Prosp. to his My *Ariel* told me, when last night you quarrel'd,

daughter. } You said you would forever part your beds,

But

But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy.

For you, *Miranda*, must with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito*. lye in
One Bed hereafter.

Alonz. And Heaven makethose Beds still fruitful in
Producing Children to bless their Parents
Youth, and Grandfires age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.

Dor. Sister it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they it seems
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'rejoy'd that I shall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lye all night and day together there,
And never rise again.

Ferd. aside to him. *Hippolito*! you yet are ignorant of your great
Happinefs, but there is somewhat which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda*'s sake I must instruct
You in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your
World make love, I shall soon learn
I warrant you.

[Enter *Ariel* driving in *Steph. Trinc. Must. Vent. Calib. Syc.*

Prosp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look the Master and the Saylor----
The Bosen too----my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that man could n'ere
Be drown'd.

Alonz. to Trinc. Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? why star'st thou so?

Trinc. What more Dukes yet, I must resign my Dukedom,
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild Sallads without Oyl or Vinegar.

steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our
gallant Ship agen, and were her Master, I'd willingly give all
my Island for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ship.

Trinc.

Trinc. I shall need no hangman, for I shall e'en hang
My self, now my friend Butt has shed his
Last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like mad men.

Prosp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves, and
Now their Wine is gone they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set Sail.

Alonz. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Prosp. Rarely, my diligence.

Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are those mishapen Creatures?

Prosp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her command without
Her power.

Syc. O *Setebos!* these be brave Sprights indeed.

Prosp. to Calib. Go Sirrah to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.
What a dull fool was I to take those Drunkards
For Gods, when such as these were in the world?

Prosp. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will imploy in telling you my story.

Alonz. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prosp. When the morn draws I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promise you calm Seas and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it Master.

Sings. Where the Bee sucks there suck I,
In a Cowslips Bell, I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Swallows wing I flye
After Summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

Syc. Ile to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy Cabin.

Trinc. No my dainty Dy-dapper, you have a tender constitution, and will be sick a Ship-board. You are partly Fish and may swim after me. I wish you a good Voyage.

Prosp. Now to this Royal Company, my servant, be visible, And entertain them with a Dance before they part.

Ariel. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love, Who twice seven years hath waited for my Freedom, It shall appear and foot it featly with me.

Milcha, my Love, thy *Ariel* calls thee. [Enter *Milcha*.

Milcha. Here!

[*They dance a Saraband,*

Prosp. Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be,
A place of Refuge as it was to me;
The Promises of blooming Spring live here,
And all the Blessings of the rip'ning year;
On my retreat let Heaven and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the *Enchanted Isle*. [Exit.

EPILOGUE

Epilogue.

GAllants, by all good signs it does appear,
That Sixty Seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

*Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Mounseur and the Spanish Plot:
Desic or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.*

*The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors wheresoe're we pass,
In Visions bloodier than King Richard's was.*

*For this poor wretch he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o'th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.*

*He sends me only like a Sh'rif's man here
To let you know the Malefactor's neer;
And that he means to dye, en Cavalier.*

*For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.*

F I N I S.

Epilogue

For aught we know, the world may turn
And all our former notions be
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